

## Speaking For the Occasion

When asked of his life, M would recite bare, shy facts.

Actually, he had a long resume.

When the elevator flung open in Heaven, St Peter--cruder than you've been told--snapped "Who is this fuckin ninny?"

"I'm sorry to offend. My late arrival is excusable, I feel, since..."

The doors closed emphatically and the pointer on the dial above them turned red, and sped leftward, and, of course, down.

"He was SAYing..." an angel began

"But he didn't get it OUT! He got out shit!"